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The Freshman Coraddi

Not being so profound in thought, or so cosmopolitan in taste as the Walrus in Alice-in-Wonderland, I do not want to speak of many things in this article, even though they be so entrancing as "shoes and ships and sealing-wax." I do, however, want to speak of one thing, and that thing is the Freshman Coraddi. And truly the time has come when this magazine should be talked about for the Freshman Coraddi is the next Coraddi, and thereby hangs this editorial.

Now it is the custom here at N. C. C. W. for one issue of the Coraddi to be set aside each year as the Freshman Number. That issue belongs to them, absolutely, and no material is printed in it except Freshman material. The magazine is theirs and the responsibility for its appearance is also theirs. This year the staff has reserved the third regular issue for the Freshmen. That issue is to appear the first part of April, and as yet the staff has almost no material to go in it. Stories, essays, poems, sketches, all kinds of material must be collected before a magazine can be gotten out, and it's up to the Freshmen to write them. There has always been a Freshman Coraddi and there must be one this year. Last year the Freshman Number was accepted as the best issue published. Will '27 lose that record or keep it?

Getting Through

Getting through is one of the commonest vices of mankind. Regardless of age, sex, or condition, humanity is obsessed by it. Sometimes passing for pessimism, sometimes for divine discontent, and even occasionally posing under the guise of optimism, we meet it on every hand. How often we hear someone anticipating the time when he will be "through" his present task, what ever that may be! The world-wide vice of living to get through with things is so well known and so constantly practiced by all of us that even mention of it may seem superfluous. It is well to look ahead. We would not for a moment discourage that, but the average person does not attempt to see beyond his existing situation; he merely longs for the end of it.

We begin it early, this habit of impatiently enduring the present. It may be that wide-eyed babies feel a sort of infantile bitterness at being compelled to lie in cribs. We cannot know about that. Certain it is that small boys wear blouses with ill-concealed disgust and count in more or less open rebellion the weary years that they will have to wear them. Students in grammar and high school check off the days remaining before school closes. Then, when the long

anticipated vacation arrives, after the first few days of freedom they grow lonely and the rest of the summer is a burden which must be borne. Housewives discuss with each other how thankful they will be when they "get through" with their spring cleaning, or their fall sewing. Merchants and business men tune themselves to a high pitch of nervous tension "till the rush is over."

Nowhere can one find a better illustration of this universal tendency than in college, most of all in a woman's college. The great majority of students look upon college life as a sort of apprenticeship that must be served before one can enter upon the business of real living. If this view is held it is quite natural and logical that they should wish to get it over as soon as possible. Therefore many in the self-pitying spirit of exiles endure with murmuring impatience four years of college.

But after all, today is the only scrap of time in our possession. Our opportunities for leading full lives are not likely to be greater tomorrow, nor our hardships less. In our haste to cross the meadow why fail to look down at the grass and flowers beneath our feet? Can we not like happy way-farers make the most of each stage of our journey? Eternity has no end.

C. G.

Plautus' Humor

As portrayed in the Mostellaria and The Menachmi

Blanche Dellinger, Cornelian, '25

Plautus is clever in his adaptation of the commonest persons, places, and phrases to serve some humorous end. His copiousness often verges on the comical: his people witty in themselves, are characterized by their appropriately clever names; his situations are so arranged that they bring out the most humorous traits of the personalities and the most ridiculous side of the subject; besides, his play on words, his original puns, and his "wisdom in the mouth of fools" lend a delightful touch. On the whole, Plautus wrote comedy with an appeal to laughter.

One special instance of his copious phraseology which, on account of the tenseness of the situation and the bewilderment of the two Menachmi, strikes me as a bit humorous, is found in Act I, L. 1104, "twin brothers with one mother and one father, born on the same day." An obvious instance in the Mostellaria is Tranio's heaping epithets on the country-bred Grumio, "you filthy creature, you stable yard, you pig sty, you goat pen all mixed in one smell—" Act I, L. 40. These might be added to at length, but the wit of these is not what is striking in Plautus.

Clever characters are often witty for the reason of their appellation if for nothing more. When we hear Grumio we expect an awkward countryman, and in his actions, we look for the comically clumsy. Plautus lets us find what we seek. Philoloches is indeed "haphazard" and Theopropides, "the spectator-faced" can be fooled into believing any sort of ghost tale. In the Menachmi the name of Peniculus, "the sponge" is a humorous revelation of the parasite's habits. The whole story of the "Twin Brothers" has its complex, comic situations based on their names, insignificant though the name itself is.

Thus Plautus sets the stage with a clever array of wittily named people. He puts bombastic and philosophical utterances in the mouths of the humble, and makes the important feeling personages the butt of many a plebeian thrust. He makes numbers of humorous allusions to court customs, and in the Menachmi, charmingly satirizes the doctors of the day. In the same play, he has Menaechmus of Epidamnu rebel to the amusement of the audience, against the custom of patrons being known by their number of followers and being responsible for the welfare of these clients when trouble arises. That very custom deprived him of his good time and prandium (breakfast) with his sweetheart, Eratium. (Serves him right, the deceitful married man sneaking off from his zealous wife!)

This brings us to the matter of cleverly drawn scenes, in which Plautus is at his best. George Meredith, in his essay, "On the Idea of Comedy," declares that "comedy is the foundation of sound sense, not the less sound on account of the sparkle." In the Mostellaria we have many an opportunity to laugh at the silliness of Theopropides

who was so absorbed in money interests that he could not see how artfully he was being doped by his servant Tranio. Tranio exercises remarkably sound sense in that tense scene where the "danista" comes for his money and the old man is told that Philoloches has bought a house. (In reality, he had squandered his father's money in feasting in luxurious living.) We feel like cheering for Tranio when he warns the old man against knocking at his own door, saying that the house is haunted, when, in fact, Philoloches and his companions are revelling behind doors schemingly barred against the returning father.

How modern is the scene where Philematimu is beautifying herself in the street. See the lover clenching his fists as the old muse, Scapha, warns Philematimu against devoting herself to him. Watch the changed expression of the man in the wing as the conversation favors or disfavors his suit. There, outside her door, is the coquettish maiden adorning herself for her lover's delight with her powder and rouge, head bands and jewelry. And, manlike, when he steps out, Philoloches says he likes the effect. The age-old deceit of womankind, and the men who are the root of the evil!

Callidemates' drunken scene might be true today. People being aroused from sleep are expected to make curiously ridiculous remarks about nothing. In the hands of Delphium, his mistress, Callidemates does this foolish talking realistically.

The last act is interesting from the standpoint of wisdom as well as wit on the part of Tranio who, being "at the end of his row," seeks refuge at the altar to ward off the master's wrath. When Callidemates, in a sober mood, reconciles the old man with money, we see the character of Theopropides and realize what an understanding of his whims had been Tranio's.

Simo's wife is the proverbial mistress and "boss" about home. In the Menaechmi it is the wife of Menaechmus of Epidamnus who grates on the husband's nerves by her incessant nagging and her unreasonable demands. We do not blame him for stealing her mantle to give to Estrium. We would be tempted to steal anything from her for pure spite!

Among the most human of the humorous scenes is that in Act II of the foreigners in Epidamnus looking and wondering. They remind us of new girls at college. Messemi, the servant of Menaechmus Sosicles, would be wary; seducers, thieves, and enticing women are common in large towns; beware! Freshmen are cautious about untried things at first.

An interesting situation is caused by the arrival of the father-in-law to take his daughter's side in the quarrel. Who can blame Menaechmus for feigning insanity when he is confronted by this old man and his garrulous daughter claiming him as her husband, he who had never suffered the bonds of nuptial chains.

The Menachmi is one continuous mistaken indentity with a humorous climax coming when the twins are brought face to face with each other, and the succession of mistakes are revealed in the light of understanding. Especially ridiculous is the scene of Messenio's rescue of the wrong Menaechmus from men bearing him away as crazy.

Each scene where some character mistakes the twins appeals to the interest of the audience which marvels at Plautus' ability to ward off the final disclosure for such a length of time. There is not a character in the comedy who, at some time in the process of unfolding the intricate plot is not fooled by the similarity of the brothers. In these instances, the conversation is delightfully clever, else the mistaken views would be revealed at once. Even Messenio is unable to distinguish between his master and the man who is as like him as his mirror. Indeed the men themselves, each confronted by his own image, are not quite sure of their own judgment.

To enumerate the instances of Plautus' play on words and his clever punning would be foolish. The charm lies in the unexpected appearance of them on the printed page of in the mouth of the actor. In the Mostellaria he has the servant Tranio play on edo and the compound of sum, "How can anyone consume what is absent?" Toward the end of the Menachmi he has Messenio prefer words to blows—verba, verbera. In the Mostellaria Tranio speaks of the shades and the Umbriau woman, two meaning of the same word umbra. In line 616 of the Menachmi, "palla pallorum inculit" implies that the face mantle itself will blushes, while the wife alludes to her stolen mantle. All these are more obvious in the original than in any translation.

Plautus has a knowledge of those minor details that make a human appeal in the portrayal of life. He pictured the life of those with whom he was acquainted in the social and business world, emphasizing the humorous incidents of their existence. He knew his people and gave to them a true-to-life revelation.

The world has a fashion of laughing at man blinded by wealth, doped by a scheming subordinate; at the silly love affairs of youth; at men like Peniculus who live to eat; at ignorant foreigners; at "Maggie and Jiggs" family dominance; at mistaken identity whether of "haunted house" or "twin brothers." Plautus was no one-sided painter of life or character. Mostellaria contains delightful treatment of individual characters, they themselves furnishing the humor by their words and actions. On the other hand, the Menachmi owes its charm to a clever treatment of a more complicated plot. In the former, the characters are remembered for their individual contribution to the pleasure of the audience; in the other, the details of characterization are rather less noticably ridiculous in the successive situations arising from mistaken identity.

Although in the Menachmi there is no display of ready wit on the part of a Tranio, no silly blindness to facts of a Theopropides, as in the Mostellaria, yet, in a different manner it reveals Plautus' power to amuse.

A Rainy Day

Lilly Gilley, Dikean, '27

The sun arose but he was not to be seen, for a thick, grayish-black, heavy, never-ending cloud floated, and hung over the tree-tops. The birds sang no chorus, because they have no song for a cloudy, rainy day. The fogs were so thick that the nearest houses, with their little red lights gleaming through the windows, appeared as houses of smoke, with the lights as the last dying embers.

The cocks crew with a far-away, pathetic sound. Now and then a shriller crow could be heard; it left the impression that the one who uttered it was cold and wet, and dared not venture out into the steady downpour.

The sharp, chilly winds rustled through the wet leaves of the trees, making them moan and sigh.

At times the rain fell in torrents, then an incessant steady flow which pattered on the housetop and the window panes, producing, weird, soothing music. The whole day was a twilight.

A Song of the Wind

Maude B. Goodwin, Dikean, '25

I race the swallows through the sky
And I toss the clouds for fun;
I tousle the heads of the solemn trees,
Then I fling their twigs and run!

I know where April gets her flowers
And her cool grey drops of rain.
I've learned the place of the rainbow's end
And the waterfall's refrain.

I've found at dusk the trysting place
Where the night gives a kiss to the day.
I whistle and roam with a joyous will,
I am the gladsome wind at play.

Sara

Edith Rountree, Dikean, '24

The feeling was queer; I felt as it I were floating in the air and then, all of a sudden, I was lying in a bed of flowers. In the far-off distance I could hear voices, business like voices and the tinkle of instruments.

"Better lift her head," I heard a voice say. "Quick, get a glass of water!" Floating, floating, would I never come to earth?

At last I reached what seemed to me to be solid ground. Slowly I opened my eyes and could just distinguish three white-robed figures bending over me. That incessant pain in my side, the whirl in my ears; if I could only see things more plainly.

I heard the door open and close. I lay still, with my eyes shut. I could hear the ticking of a clock, which seemed to say "How long, how long!" I opened my eyes and gazed around the room. In one corner sat a woman with a white cap and dress on. She looked up and saw me gazing at her.

"Feeling better?" she said in a professional voice, and as I didn't say anything she continued, "you had a pretty bad emergency case of appendicitis. It's lucky you pulled through. You'd better try not to think. You'd best go to sleep." With these words she gave me a hypodermic and continued reading.

The next morning I woke with sharp pains shooting through my head and daggers piercing my side. I tried to move, but no, it was flat on my back that I must be, for a long time. Oh the pain! Why didn't someone come? Finally I reached for the string and pulled the light on the outside of my door. I was beginning to think that no one was coming, when I heard a soft knock on the door and a tiny voice say, "May I come in?"

With my answer, yes, the door opened very slowly and through the opening a tiny head of curly black hair and brown eyes made its appearance. The door was pushed open a little farther and the owner of the curly hair and brown eyes, a child of six years, pushed herself all the way in.

"What do you want?" I asked her with a voice full of pain.

"Nothing," answered the child "Only I saw your red light on and I came to see if I couldn't help you. The nurses are all at breakfast."

"What can you do?" I asked harshly.

"Why me? Why I can sing. Want to hear me? I'll show you." And climbing upon the foot of the bed she began to sing in a childish treble, low, yet sweet; and I, listening, forgot the pain, and my aching head.

"Come, come with me
Where violets grow
And soft winds blow,
Come with me, come—"

"Sara!" a loud voice called down the hall.

"Yes'm," answered the child, "I'm coming." And sliding off the bed she came and put her tiny hand in mine saying, "You nice lady, I like you lots, but I must go now. That's nurse Higgins calling me to my breakfast."

At that moment a nurse, stern-faced and tall, whom I took to be nurse Higgins appeared at the door, "Come Sara," she said, taking my little guest by the hand.

"Good-bye!" waved the child, "I'll come back."

How soothing had been this child's, this wonder child's visit! I soon fell asleep wondering who she was and why she was here. I do not know how long I slept but I was awakened by nurse Higgins poking a thermometer in my mouth. She felt my pulse; then she extracted the thermometer, "M—m," she read, "a hundred degrees. That's not bad. Feeling pretty sore this morning?"

"Very!" was my stiff reply. "Do you think I could have a hypodermic now? The pain in my side is unbearable."

"No," came from nurse Higgins, "it's against the doctor's orders. But I'll send Sara in to help you; she'll sing your pain away."

"Sara!" I asked eagerly. "Where is she? Who is she?"

"Sara," answered the nurse in a soft voice, and there was a shadow of sadness on her stern face, "is the hospital's property; or at least we all claim her. She has no home. She came here an orphan, with an incurable disease, hip disease, the doctor says."

"And," her lips quivered, "she can't live very long, but we all love her. There isn't anything in the world we wouldn't do for Sara. She's our child, our wonder child. She's the nurse's comfort, and heaven only knows what the patients would do without her."

"But," she added, remembering herself, "I must go. Do not think it strange that I should talk to you so, but I couldn't help it. I'll send Sara to you."

And Sara came, not only then, but many days afterward. I grew to love her, this queer child, and to long for her coming. Each appearance of her curly head always made me feel better. Each day she would sing about the violets and the winds. And one day she put all her confidence in me and told me about her father and mother, that they were dead, and about her little brother, Gean.

"Some day," she would say, "I'm going to see Gean. I love him."

Soon I grew well and left the hospital, but my friendship with Sara grew. There were days when we would go to look for violets, and days when we would go to big circuses, and the wonder in the child's eyes and the flush on her face made me happy. Happy was I to think of serving one, who had made me so happy when I was sick.

But one day I received a telephone call.

"It's Sara," I heard Nurse Higgins say. "You'll come?"

"Yes," I answeerd back.

So I went to the hospital and up to Sara's room. Quietness was there, for the nurses sat around immovable. In a little white bed lay my little dream child. In one hand she clutched a doll I had given her and with the other she beckoned to me.

"You'll come, my nice lady, I knew you would. I love you."

I took her little hand in mine. She closed her eyes sleepily. An angel face she had then. The little hand lay limp in mine; a slight tremor, and she left us.

"The Lotos Eaters" and "Ulysses"

Sue Ervin, Cornelian, '24

In comparing Tennyson's poems "The Lotos Eaters" and Ulysses we find that they belong to different types. "The Lotos Eaters" belongs to the group of melodies and pictures; "Ulysses" to the group of stories and portraits.

The melodies and pictures belong to the earliest and lowest form of Tennyson's writing although it is the form in which he has done some of his most exquisite work. In the beginning Tennyson's chief aim was to express in melodious language the beauty of the things seen and heard; the rythms, the colors, the harmony of the outside world. We notice, therefore, that the chief interest, in "The Lotos Eaters," lies in the sound, the form, and the color—in the beauty of expression. In "The Lotos Eaters" in addition to the marvelous vividness and wonder of expression there is a suggestion of a deeper meaning, a foreshadowing of his more powerful work. To quote Van Dyke, the melodies now begin to have a meaning and the pictures a soul." The musical words used in "The Lotos Eaters" all tend to produce one drowsy, languid, dream-like tone. This is true also of the pictures; the very landscape itself, beautiful and invented, is made to fit in with the thought, the mood of the poem.

"There is no joy but calm." Why then should the lords of the universe struggle and toil? Languor and dreams are best, for death is the end of all.

There is almost no story in this poem, "The Lotos Eaters." Tennyson uses an episode in the Odyssey as the basis of this work. Ulysses and his followers, in their wanderings after the fall of Troy, draw near to an enchanted isle. Listlessness overcomes them; they drop their oars and let their boats drift with the waves until they are carried on shore to

"A land where all things always seemed the same." Here the inhabitants of the isle, 'the mild-eyed, melancholy Lotos Eaters' come to greet them and to give them gifts of the enchanted lotos plant—fruit and flowers. All of the travelers who taste the fruit are changed in spirit. They become mild-eyed and melancholy too, and are content to sit upon the yellow sand and dream of the Fatherland, of wife, child and home. The poem then gives us the song that these men sang as they lolled contentedly upon the sand and ate the charmed fruit. The song, of course, embodies their new philosophy.

"Why should we only toil, the roof and crown of things." Just at the end of the poem we are made to feel that there is impending danger for these Lotos Eaters. In their song they tell us that some men, who toil and struggle, are, in the end, overcome and forced to suffer in Hell but the Lotos Eaters are so sleeped in drowsy content that they make no effort:

> Surely, surely, slumber is more sweet than toil, the shore
> Than labor in the deep mid-ocean, wind and wave and oar;
> Oh rest ye, brother mariners, we will not wander more."

"Ulysses," as I have said, belongs to a different group of poems from that of "The Lotos Eaters." It is a character

sketch that comes under the group title "Stories and Portraits." The chief interest of this poem lies not in sound, form, and color but in life and personality. Tennyson depicts for us the character of Ulysses. He does not describe him in words of his own but has Ulysses speak for himself. From this monologue we understand that Ulysses is a man of the world with a thirst for seeing and knowing that cannot be satisfied.

"I cannot rest from travel: I will drink life to the lees."

He has within him the deep impulse of motion; motion without a definite goal,—the restless heart. Action, life, knowledge is his creed:

"I am a part of all that have met;
Yet all experience is an arch where thro'
Gleams that untravel'd world, whose margin fades
Forever and forever when I move.
How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
To rust unburnished, not to shine in use!"

This utterance is in marked contrast to the plaintive cry of the Lotos Eaters:

"—What pleasure can we have
To war with evil? Is there any peace
In ever climbing up the wave?
All things have rest, and ripen toward the grave
In silence; ripen, fall and cease;
Give us long rest or death, dark death or dreamful ease."

Aside from the human interest "Ulysses" is worthy of study and appreciation because of the short nature descriptions that it contains. These descriptions are condensed and vivid; brief miracles in themselves:

"—when
Thro' scudding drifts the rainy Hyades
Vext the dim sea."

We notice that these nature descriptions differ from those given in "The Lotos Eaters" in their brevity and not in their beauty. We also notice that the setting or scene given in "Ulysses" is not so fully wrought out as in "The Lotos Eaters" yet fully enough for us to immediately understand the background.

The story begins with Ulysses at his home on the shore of Ithica. He had left the enchanted isle of the Lotos Eaters and come back at last to his own country. Old age had overtaken him but he cannot be content to stay at home "an idle king." The wander lust is still in his blood and he determines to leave his kingdom in charge of his son, who is "content in the sphere of common things" and to start out again in search of life and adventure. This poem in contrast with "The Lotos Eaters" ends on a note of faith:

"Tho' much is taken, much abides; and tho'
We are not that strength when in old days
Moved earth and heaven; that which we are; we are;
On equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield."

The Fairy Path

Mae Graham, Cornelian, '25

There are times when I am so timidly hurt that life no longer seems worth living; my best and only friend has said something that has destroyed my most cherished illusion, or the thing I want most seems distant and obscure and unattainable. This thing that I would give body and soul for has turned and slapped me in the face because of my love for it. I wonder why it is I want this thing I cannot have; why something I can have doesn't satisfy me, and what I would do if I could have it; but still I want it.

When I feel like this, I am afraid of people—I am afraid they will see the hurt in my eyes, and they will ask why, and when I cannot tell them they will either laugh or be sorry, and that would make the hurt worse. I have found something, though, that helps; it doesn't cure me because I still want—"the thing," but it gives me courage, and makes me try again, still with some hope of attaining this one thing in life that I want.

This help that I have found is the Fairy Path, and the Road that leads to No-where. The Road to No-where is a long forsaken one that goes out towards the west, and nothing ever passes on it except a horse ambling along with a sleepy old man in the buggy. I am the only person, except the fairies, who knows the Fairy Path, and if these little people found me out they might be jealous. This path is barely perceptible, and goes through fields and fields of broom sage, and to the little brook that goes it way calmly and thoughtfully in the Land of Make Believe. There is an old gray rock by this brook, and there are trees all around it. Here I sit and remember and remember; and finally forget.

Just at sunset the whole vast space seems to be a great picture in browns and golds, framed by the horizon. The trees cast their shadows into the dark waters that appear so deep, and can be seen as clearly as if the brook were a beautiful and priceless mirror. The fields of sage fade to a mellow gold that weaves itself gradually into the blue of the sky and the brown of the leaves on the ground. The trees in the distance are misty and dim; the smoke from a train which could never come near sinks slowly lower and lower like a great soft gray-blue mantle descending over all. Through the mist the moon rises, and lends her glow of dull mellow color to the picture. There is not a sound or sign of life that can be noticed. Even the little brown leaves have stopped falling, and the birds have gone to a brighter place.

A mighty, beautiful silence is over everything, and gradually I become part of it, and forget everything except the quiet and the beauty and the wonder of it all. A sense of awe fills me, but it is still peace that I have. I am a part of my surroundings. I want nothing.

A leaf falls, and the spell is broken. I get up and start home, but I take the Fairy Path and the brook with me. I walk softly and do not make a gesture.

I am serene and happy. The world and time are indefinite, and I can get that which I want. The hurt is gone; I am willing to work and work, and the work will not be in vain.

When I get back home it is hard to understand why people speak loud and shrill; why the lights are glaring, and why the street cars make such a harsh sound. I do not mind very much, though, because I know I have something these people and things do not have. I know I am going to get the thing I want, but the greatest thing I know is that if I cannot get that something that a few hours ago meant life to me, I can still have my Fairy Path, and the brook in the Land of Make Believe.

Sunset

Mary Grady Chears, Adelphian, '25

Evening—and the soft mellow glow
Of the sun's sinking
Rays
Changes the pale blue canvas of the
Skies
To an artist's palette, all streaked
With fiery red, amber gold, and soft
Grays,
Which burn as with fire, then
Fade
As if the artist dripped his brush
Into a soft cloud's heart, and
Made
Each color merge into the next
Until there were no reds, no golds, nor
Grays,
But only a soft mellow glow
Of the Sun's last sinking
Rays.

It Ends Ill—And Ends Well

Lisbeth Parrott, Dikean, '25

When Helen announced that she was going to hang up her stocking in spite of being "a maid of eighteen summers," some in the family told her that she was too old for such antics. Evidently, Santy Claus didn't think so, for he filled it to the top with presents that she had not even dared hope for. The one she liked best, however, was a pair of the cutest patent leather slippers with big shiny buckles and short vamps that made the shoes look small—a thing which would please any girl.

Mrs. Boyd, Helen's mother, insisted that the house had to be cleaned up, as usual, before Helen could dress and go out for the morning. Helen thought that cleaning up should be omitted, since it was Christmas, but Mrs. Boyd, who thought that Christmas day was the very time when the house should be neat, had her way.

A holiday, for Mr. Boyd, was the signal to clean up the cellar and the backyard. And that Christmas was no exception. He built a huge bonfire in the backyard and destroyed the Christmas-present wrappings and the trash found accumulated about the house.

When the work was done, at last, Helen hastened to get dressed in order to join the other girls in the crowd for comparison of Christmas presents. It took her a long time to decide whether her new slippers were too fine to wear; but, after consulting every member of the family, she decided that since it was Christmas she would initiate the new footwear. She was in ecstasy over the prospect, for they were the first pretty shoes that she had had in three months. At the doctor's command she had been wearing sensible shoes, hygenic creations designed to make the feet grow straight. She put on the shoe that had been placed on the bureau before the looking glass, and admired the effect so that she couldn't wait to put on the other one, but had to go show it to her sisters. Mrs. Boyd put a damper, so to speak, on everybody's exclamations of how grand it looked. "Quit paddling around with your foot bare. You'll catch your death." At that, Helen went back to her room to finish dressing.

She had thought her shoe was under the bed and was a little perplexed to find that it wasn't. It wasn't on the bureau, either, where the other had been. At last, she remembered that she had taken it downstairs, a few hours before, to show it to her aunt who had called by to see what luck the children had had. She had stayed just long enough to look at the Christmas tree in the sitting-room; so, Helen conjectured that she must have left her shoe in there. She went down and looked, but no shoe was to be seen. A thorough examination of the closet to her room followed, but still no shoe. She searched in her sister's room, and in her mother's, and finally in rooms where she hadn't even been. She had been vexed at first but now she was almost panicky. Had ghosts been visiting the house? Or could her shoe have had magical power to sprout wings and fly away, or even to walk away? She had searched almost an hour,

and everyone in the family had declared that they had done nothing with it. Grace vowed that she had seen it in the corner by the bed in Helen's room; but a vague recollection like that did no good, for the shoe was plainly not in that corner now. As the minutes flew by, Helen became more and more stubborn in her resolve to locate the missing slipper, but her searching amounted to nothing. She examined every place over again, and would not be outdone by not having explored territory where the shoe might be.

Then, a sickening suggestion popped into her mind, so to speak. It could not be! thought Helen; but yet, there had been in that corner—She had imagined such things before, but they had never happened, she comforted herself. However, she could not be sure. By that time, she was making a wild dash to the backyard, with the family, who had been nonchalant to Helen's anxiety but who were now aroused by her screams and running, trailing after her.

She rushed to the ashes of the former bonfire, and had her fears confirmed. There it lay, a charred little sole and heel. When her sister beheld also, she began, "Well, what on earth did you burn up your new shoe for?"

"As if I meant to!" shouted Helen, with a flare of temper. But Helen was too wise not to know what was coming. The family would have to blame somebody for the tragedy so naturally, since it was she who had gathered up the shoe in the trash that was lying in the corner and thrown it on the fire, they would assail her. She shrieked again, and began to sob violently. She sat down on an old barrel in the yard and wailed. The family was moved to sympathy, at that, and Helen became the object of great pity. "My pretty new shoes! I haven't had any pretty shoes in so long!" the martyr gasped between fits of weeping.

All gathered around and begged her not to cry, and her father promised that he would buy her some others. Her mother, who was upstairs in bed, was so relieved at hearing what the agonized sobs meant (she had imagined dire tragedy) that she sent word that she would gladly replace the loss.

Somebody hit on the happy idea that the factory would make a single shoe so that Helen could have her original pair; but, nothing could appease her anguish at not having new shoes to wear during the holidays until her parents decided that she really needed two pairs, after all.

The next day, when the stores opened, Helen went down and acquired some new brown slippers, and the shoe man promised that the factory could get the black one back in a few weeks.

The Needs Of Sticks

Julia Blauvelt, Dikean, '26

It was almost six months ago that he came rushing in to me, a wild light of babyish excitement in his big, blue eyes and that peculiar, joyful little quivver around his mouth. The only visible cause of his exultation appeared to be two insignificant sticks. One was a strong, straight section of a corn stalk, smooth and thick. His hands just reached around it. The other was a poor, bent, twisted little piece of an oak limb with a knot on the side.

"Muvver," he shouted triumphantly, "I've found 'em" I merely laughed. He is such a radiant, incomprehensive, little being. I thought perhaps it was some new game. But he has kept them ever since, carefully. I was about to say even tenderly, but I have noticed him kicking the corn stalk. He usually wants to take one of them to bed with him. I have never paid particular attention to the way in which he plays with them, but I have never seen him play with both at the same time.

Yesterday, I was forced to punish him. He crawled off to the bed room with his corn stalk. In a little while I followed him. He was stretched at full length on his stomach, his hands out in front of him holding fast to the corn stick. His breath was coming in little quick gasps but he was not crying. He seemed to be holding very tightly to the stick.

"Come to mother," I said, "you're going to be a good boy, now aren't you?" He nodded and came very slowly holding the stick behind him. "What is that?" I asked.

"One of my best friends," was the halting reply.

"Best friends?" I said.

"Yes," he answered, "my sticks is my best friend. This one, whenever I feels bad I holds too real hard, and it makes me feel good inside of me like something in the stick comes and brushes the hurt off. It knows how bad it feels to be spanked," in an injured tone.

"But the bent stick?" I asked. "Why did you choose a broken stick?"

"That's my best friend too," he said, "cause I can feel sorry for it. People can't never make you feel good like sticks can," he added.

It was then that I shed the tears that he had not. I had not even a stick to hold to when I wondered why he should need them.

The Eyes Of A Fool

A. Cranmer, Cornelian, '26

Some called him a fool, but Oh, sometimes in the depths of his heart, for he was human you know, he yearned to make them believe that he was more than a fool. Others thought him funny, and then there were those who loved him. Ah, that was the joy of the living—the joy of being a fool—knowing that there were those who loved him and cheering them up when they were sad.

Queer? That doesn't describe him. He was old, and gray—short, and limped slightly. But, listen, I'll tell you what—he wasn't queer at all—no, if you had seen his eyes, you would have known. Those eyes so big and brown, so jolly and yet when you looked deeper there was sadness and a tender longing as if there were something he wanted to tell you and couldn't. I wondered what it was that troubled him and yet why he was always so gay; I had never seen him without his smile. One night I went to his house, and he greeted me cheerily enough, but I saw his eyes again and I wanted more than ever to help him. He asked me in and we talked. Finally I begged him to tell me his story, his history—why he was the fool, and he did. This is it:

"When I was quite a kid," he began, "I wanted to go to sea. The folks wouldn't agree and we fussed about it for several years. At last, however, they gave in and I went to sea. It was the only thing I ever really wanted to do; and O Lord, the call of the sea is still in my ears. God grant that I may sail once more. I was happy for a long time, but the home folks were still begging me to come home and work and live with them. I wouldn't listen—my passion for the ocean was too great. One night after ten years at sea, I was in a foreign port and received a cable that my mother had died suddenly. I was heart broken, and left ship at once. I reached home a week after she was buried, and when my father and only brother met me, I knew that their sun had set. The very life seemed to have gone out of my fathers's body, and he had always been so gay and happy.

"That night in the old home I faced the thing out with my God, and decided it was best to stay and try to bring life back to our home again. Mother had gone and they needed me. They had always called me the King's Jester, for I certainly played the fool the greater part of the time. And O, the house was so quiet and still, and I missed mother's kiss at night, and the vacant place at the table filled my heart with sadness for I realized only too late that I had seen little of my mother for many years. I decided then, son, that I'd be the fool again; so I started in and played a straight game, and played it hard, and let me tell you, son, it was hard then and has been hard nearly all the way through.

"I decided it was best to laugh. In everything I tried to see the funny side. I could always think of something funny to say, and when the crowd started a quarrel, I was the one to find the funny side and turn the cross words into laughter. They laughed at me—I was the Joke—I made myself so, but, son, do

you know that it's good to see folks laugh? They enjoy a good laugh immensely. Have you ever noticed a person's eyes when he laughs? Do it; it's good, for you can't very well make your eyes deceive your feelings. You can grin and make a pretty decent bluff at happiness, but your eyes,—son, a person's eyes are the keynote to his soul." (And I thought of his eyes as he said that. Ah, I was beginning to understand—he wasn't happy.)

"I have played the fool, boy, all these years—I have caused laughter, I have laughed and been laughed at, 'mostly at, and I don't mind—that is my business in this world—cheering folks up and making them laugh. The people have never guessed that I was not sincere. They have thought me a fool, and have often pitied me, but in spite of it all I laugh. What if I told them I wasn't happy? They wouldn't believe it because they can't stop long enough to see into my soul—they take me as I seem to be, and so long as I can cheer them up they are all right, but when I cease to be the fool they have no use for me.

"But, my boy, I'm telling you things I oughtn't, things I have never told before. My race is almost finished and I'm getting tired. My heart has always been, and will always be, on the deep blue, but I've been happy making others laugh and I shall laugh on till the candle burns out."

As he finished his story, I saw the light in his eyes—a look of a vision far off. The sadness changed to joy as he talked about the sea, but no sooner had the light come than it was gone—he had sacrificed all for his people. And I had seen into the eyes of a fool.

Child's Song

Kate C. Hall, Aletheian, '26

If I could climb the fir tree's prongy steps up to the moon,
Oh! wouldn't it be funny, funny, fun, ho!
I'd rock her like a cradle to the song the stars croon.
Oh! wouldn't that be funny, funny, ho!

I'd coast her like a wagon, bump! into a big, white cloud.
Oh! wouldn't that be funny, funny, fun, ho!
And the little stars would slip around and laugh at me out loud.
Oh! wouldn't that be funny, funny, ho!

If the night was big and black, I wouldn't even be afraid.
Oh! wouldn't that be funny, funny, fun, ho!
For I'd sail her like a boat down to my warm, white, little bed.
Now, wouldn't that be funny, funny, ho!

My Gentleman Friend

Sue Ervin, Cornelian, '24

Not many years ago a young woman, of the age of twenty-five, was unable to face the community in which she had been born or to face strangers encountered in distant lands without experiencing a sense of hopeless failure or impatient rage. It was universally expected that a young woman of twenty-five would be the wife of some kind of a man. The kind of man or rather his quality of manhood did not signify very much, it seemed, but it did signify that he be in existence or that the young woman wear a most intriguingly sorrowful black cap in honor (if I were inclined to be cynical I would say celebration) of his decease. The past few years, however, have brought about great changes, chief of these being the emancipation of young, unmarried women from the fear of being considered queer and abnormal or, in plainer and more familiar language, from the fear of being called an old maid. I truly believe that there is nothing quite as deadening to a woman's self-respect as to know that her neighbors consider her a failure—a woman whose feminine charms were insufficient to procure a husband. The development of education, of woman's rights, of liberal thinking, and of transportation facilities has freed the unmarried woman from this great handicap, freed her at least in every part of the United States except one, the small village. Here the old order reigns supreme; it never changes.

I know that this is true. After ten years of life and self-respect in a big city, I found it necessary to move back to my old village home. Open Valley, the place I had dreamed of as a veritable haven of quiet, comfort, and love, was all that my dreams were not. The welcoming visits of my friends and relatives caused me to feel my self-respect slipping from me; that age-long fear of being classed an old maid had entered my heart for the first time. I began to grow miserably unhappy. I did not know what to do. Then, one day, I sent for my friend; his coming has been my release.

My friend is a gentleman but not a man, a king in name but greater in spirit. His friendship has made me content; it is perfect and all healing because it makes my life complete, yet leaves me free. It makes no irritating interferences with my time or my work and it contains no hidden, nagging reminder of lasting obligation. My friend is, in truth, all that I needed to restore my lost self-respect, confidence, and peace of mind. I think that all dog lovers will agree with me when I say that the kingly homage, admiration, and protection of my friend, my collie Rex, was more than enough to bring me back to a sane, wholesome, and contented state of mind. Some very wise man in ages long past said, I believe, that a woman could never be either beautiful or happy if she is unloved. I am almost persuaded to agree with this sagacious ancient. Perhaps he was "a little bit off" in regard to beauty, for squint eyes and pug nose do most stubbornly remain unchanged; but he was most accurately right in regard to the happi-

ness. We see this truth demonstrated day after day. A woman must have someone to love her and to love,—a man, a child, a canary, oh, something! Even a gold fish will sometimes suffice.

But for a woman who lives in a tiny village, especially a village situated at the tip end of the J. and S. B. railroad, it is imperative that she be loved, and that her lover be of the human species and of the masculine gender. Each of the three thousand and fifty-seven inhabitants make known this decree in some act, speech, or tone of voice. As I have said before, the failure of Prince Charming to appear leaves the young lady in a most unhappy state. My one suggestion under such conditions is for the young lady to gain possession of a collie dog either by fair means or foul. I speak from experience; a collie is a true gentleman, a perfect comrade, a brave protector, and a loyal friend. Honestly I cannot, just at present, at least, understand how a young woman could wish for any other companion.

For long hours of each day my collie, Rex, and I are together. And at night as I sit by the open fire with my damp shoe soles smoking before the blaze, Rex will come close to me, put his head in my lap, look straight into my eyes and tell me that he loves me more than ever before. We have great chats together then. I discuss with him the advisability of promoting slow, plodding Thomas to the Senior Class. Thomas does so want to graduate from high school; and after talking it over with Rex, I decide to give him a trial though I have the feeling that Thomas may want to attempt college later and that that would be fatal indeed.

Or it may be that we talk about the hyacinth bulbs that are beginning to sprout in the garden. Rex agrees very solemnly that he did make a grave mistake when he dug his bed in their own soft covers. Sometimes we plan for our Saturday vacation. Shall the day be spent in the woods and fields or shall we go to the big city and shop. A day in the fields is, of course, most enjoyable but one must go shopping occasionally, Rex agrees to this, too, but only because he is a gentleman. I know that he will be loyal, that he will guard most faithfully our rickety Ford Coupe and my newly purchased spring hat while I spend an hour or more in looking for new plant seeds and an extra-sized dish mop.

Ah, yes, my dog and I are great companions, but we are wise; we do not try to monopolize all of the other's waking hours. When I go to school Rex goes too and romps with the children on the yard until the big bell rings. Then he goes in a sure, steady run to my grandfather's farm and visits with my grandfather's collies until my day's work is over.

Only once has Rex ever come to me during my working hours. That was the day that he fought his big fight. On his way home from the farm he had gone, as was his custom, through the main street of the village. The two loafers saw him and began to bet among themselves on his powers as a fighter. The betting ended in a long fight between Rex and a big white bull-dog. The men said afterwards that Rex fought like a wolf. His way of passage had been blocked; he fought with red eyes

and gleaming fangs; but at the end he came to me at school. I shall always remember the quiet that came over my class when he suddenly appeared at the open door. One ear was gashed and bleeding, one eye was beginning to close; but he walked with all the stately dignity of a monarch to my chair and looked into my face and licked my hands. The way to his mistress had been threatened; his dog's heart had to be assured that I was safe. Ah surely, I thought, human love is great, but the love of my dog is little less than divine.

To A. C. M.

Blanche Dellinger, Cornelian, '25

Each time we meet, more truly I admire
Thy princely charm, thy profile, Grecian god;
Thy well-bred look, a flame to feed love's fire;
Thy courtly mien, like one obeyed at nod.
Oh, how alluring are thy sparkling eyes!
Thy smile to love-born hearts brings sweetest joy.
Romantic youth oft worships thee with sighs;
And hope and dreams enfold the maiden coy.
Devotion beams from each approving glance.

Alas! Ne'er shall my hand be clasped in thine;
Still unrevealed thy name by fate or chance;
Unheard the music of thy voice divine,
Whose realm the cover of a magazine—
The Arrow Collar Man—how oft he's seen!

The Autobiography of a Satin Slipper

Edith Rountree, Dikean, '24

On a warm April morning at exactly ten-thirty, in the home of the Walkover Shoe Company, my maker put the last stitch in my sole and I made my advent into this world under the name of the Walkover Satin Slipper. I was a very pretty slipper, all smooth and glossy with high French heels, and of a size number three, triple A. Neat and dainty were the words my maker said, as he wrapped me in tissue paper and placed me in an oblong box. I learned from his conversation that I was to be sent to a city shoe store, there to be sold to some rich lady.

Darkness and solitude enveloped me for several days, during which time I went through various experiences. I rode on a train; I was jostled until my heel hurt; I heard different conversations. Finally, however, I landed at a place, from which I did not move for quite a while. Then, one day, darkness turned into light. I was taken out of my dark cell, placed on a pedestal and put in a big glass window, a show window, I afterwards learned.

From observations and conversations with my cousins, who had been placed around the base of my pedestal, I learned that this store was one of the biggest shoe stores in New York. Imagine my conceit, if you can, to be placed on a pedestal, in the show window of one of the biggest stores in New York, and, at that, on Fifth Avenue. I almost burst my sides with swelling. My companions were jealous of me, too, I noticed. They often cast envious glances up my way.

It was the third day, after the day of my appearance in the window, that someone called to see me. I was taken off my throne and carried into the salesroom.

"This is a very fine slipper," the clerk was saying, "from one of the best shoe manufacturing establishments in the world." With those words, I was slipped on one of the most shapely feet. I was then looked at, felt of and walked up and down in front of a miror. The owner of the foot, cast critical, though not unpleasant glances at me; and all the time I was trying my best to feel comfortable and look well on her foot. My efforts were fruitful, for in the end she purchased me, and exactly one month from the day I was born, I was sold to a beautiful girl, for sixteen dollars and thirty-five cents.

I was taken away to my new home. It was a beautiful place, a millionaire's home, I supposed. The room of my owner was like fairyland, large and spacious, with carved ivory furniture. I was deposited in this room, in a closet, where gorgeous gowns hung, and feminine finery dwelt.

My curiosity was about to get the best of me; I could not help but wonder for what special occasion Miss Mary (I afterwards learned that Mary was my mistress's name) had purchased me. It was not for long though. One night I heard a beautiful evening dress, which hung near me, remark, that it was to be worn to a grand ball by my mistress and that the new slippers were to be worn also.

I went to the dance as the dress had predicted, on Miss Mary's foot. She looked lovely and danced divinely. She did not give me time to rest at all. Once she and her partner went out on the balcony for a rest. I rested too,—my sole, I mean—but my ears were taking in all that was going on. I enjoyed the quiet, the moonlight, and I imagined Miss Mary must be enjoying something also from the occasional pats of her foot. I don't suppose she thought about me so great were the pats.

That night I was put back on the closet shelf to rest, much to my thankfulness, and I fell asleep. When I awoke the next morning, I did not find myself on a nice cozy closet shelf; but, instead, I was in a garbage can. Think of me, a satin slipper, worn only once, thrown into a garbage can! It's strange how millionaires can afford to wear a thing once and throw it aside for something new!

I stayed in my homely abode for three days, at the end of which time I was fished out by a chocolate colored dame, whose delight and pleasure on finding me I shall never forget. Her weight, I think, must have been two hundred and fifty pounds, and I shuddered to think of such a weight bearing down upon me.

It was well that I shuddered. The very next night Saloma and I went to a dance. What a contrast there was between this dance and the one I had attended a few nights before! The soft lights, the smooth floor, the gorgeous gowns differed greatly from the brilliant lights, confetti strewn floor and syncopated jazz orchestra of this dance.

Saloma seemed to be the belle of the evening. The dark young swains, rushed her incessantly. As for me, poor me, I was about to give out under that terrible weight. I knew that I was not meant for such a size, and I knew that if it was not removed soon that there was going to be an accident. How could I tell Saloma? My sole kept crying and squeaking, but all in vain.

It was in the midst of the "Jelly Roll Blues," when Saloma was swaying back and forth that my strength gave out and my heel broke off. Saloma gave a shriek and fell. Angry! Saloma's eyes flashed. She picked my heel off the floor and going to the door, drew me off her foot and threw me far out into the dark, as far as the muscles of her flabby arm would permit.

So I fell, disgraced. I am now where I fell, in a wagon that was passing. I do not know where I am going. My self-respect is gone. But in spite of all my trying experiences and my pains, I still have my sole.

Greenie McGhee

(With apologies to Edgar A. Poe)

Blanche Dellinger, Cornelian, '25

It was not many years ago,
In a place called N. C. C.
That a maiden there lived whom you may know
By the name of Greenie McGhee;
And this freshman she lived with no other thought
Than to make sixes and maybe a three.

I lived in Spencer and she lived there, too,
At a place called N. C. C.,
But we loved our old room, with its cracks and mice.
I and this Greenie McGhee—
'Twas so handy that the girls in Woman's and Gray
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,
In this place called N. C. C.,
A mousey came out of a hole, scaring
My terrified Greenie McGhee;
So that the wide-awake proctor came
And chastised her and me,
And gave us both our first call-down
In this place called N. C. C.

A mousey ran out from under our bed
Frightening her and me—
Yes!—that was the reason (as you may know,
In this place called N. C. C.)
That the proctor came out of her room that night,
Rebuking and calling down Greenie McGhee.

But that rat's tail seemed longer by far than the tails
Of rats which far older might be—
Of any we every did see—
And neither the footsteps in rooms overhead,
Nor the visions in dreams that we see,
Can ever dissever this scare from the mind
Of that terrified Greenie McGhee.

For a mouse never screams, without bringing bad dreams
To the terrified Greenie McGhee;
Each time I see rat eyes, I recall the surprise
Of the terrified Greenie McGhee—
And how all the night-tide, I stood up by the side
my room mate, my Greenie, who laughed there and cried,
On the furniture there at N. C. C.,
On a chair with her holding to me.

A Tragedy

Mary Theresa McDuffie, Adelphian, '27

He looked down upon his once loved partner. His face was stern and cold, showing the traces of sleepless nights and hard days of toil. Still he stared. She lay before him, cold and still. He knew she was dead, but the news made the stern lines on his face deepen instead of relenting. He leaned over and touched her. For a moment a wave of tenderness swept over him, making his eyes and face grow gentle. But for only a moment. After this, he was as cruel as ever. The brute in him rising, he leaned over and with a curse gave her cold form a kick. Running his hand through his hair, he swore again, stopped and tried to shake her as if he would shake life into her again. But, no response; she was dead. A third time he cursed and stretching out his arm he pulled down her hood. It was no use; his Ford would not start.